

# NEWSPAPER LAWS.

Are persons who take the paper regularly from the publisher, whether directed to do so or not, liable for the cost of the paper if they fail to pay for it? This is the question which the Supreme Court of the United States has just decided. The court has held that the publisher is not liable for the cost of the paper if the person who takes it from the publisher is not a subscriber.

# LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD HIGSBY, AUTHOR OF "ELLEN'S SECRET," "FALLS AMONG THIEVES," "MY LADY FANTASTICAL," AND OTHER STORIES.

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## CHAPTER I. A WILFUL WOMAN.

HERE is no people on the surface of the earth more prone to lavish raptures on the beauties of other lands than the Americans. You, who have perchance raved over the Rhine, have probably but little conception of the glory of the River Styx. As it rolls majestically by the eastern shore of Michigan, crystal clear, a pale wide, two hundred feet deep, river, its epic pen written in water by Nature's own hand.

At a bend in its course, half way between the two lakes it connects, stands a substantial farm-house surrounded by neat outbuildings and blossoming orchards. It is from the latter feature that it inherits its name—the Orchard House.

And in that pretty dwelling lives a family which has a history. When you look at the little summer-house in the garden, which was evidently once the pilot-house of a steamer, and see the tall, tapering mast with the stars and stripes fluting in the breeze, you are prepared to be told that it is the home of a sailor.

A very old, weather-beaten hulk is Daniel Winthrop now, but in the year when his story opens, nearly three decades ago, he was a hale, well-preserved man of sixty, whose silver hair was the only external promise of advancing age.

When the glad spring sun of 1861 was tinting the surface of his beloved river with every hue of the rainbow, he had a greater right to say: "The Lord has prospered me, and my cup is full of joy," than Daniel Winthrop!

For thirty years he had sailed the lakes as captain of his own ships. Before "the peck-y railroads," as he expressed it, he had "dropped the bottom out of freight," and while yet enjoying the vigor of his old head, had retired down to retirement in a sailor's Elysium—a well-stocked farm-house, where he could sit on his own spot and watch the vessels glide by and the ever-changing beauty of the river.

But he had bigger treasures than bank stocks, broad acres and shares in ships—his wife, Martha, who was the sweetest, simplest, helpmate that ever made sunshine a man's home. His daughter, Nell, just twenty years old, whom he had come to love to the point of idolatry, and his son, Harry, four years older than his darling daughter, who never given him an hour's anxiety, but had been studiously inclined, had taken a fair degree at college, and was now occupying a well-paid position as teacher in the public schools of a distant city.

Moreover, during that winter his home had been brightened by the visit of a radiant girl, Kate Frohman, the daughter of a distant relative of his wife, who had married a Southern gentleman living in the Shenandoah valley, and the old sailor had learned to love the beautiful young Virginia maiden, who became especially dear to him when he learned that she had promised to become his son-in-law.

But lightning came out of a clear sky and struck the Winthrop homestead—as it did the whole fair land, which had for years been basking in the sunshine of prosperity. For Summer had surrendered, and with it the terrible war of secession was a reality.

An American of Americans, coming of an old Puritan stock of New England, Daniel Winthrop's heart was aflame with honest indignation.

Thus, one day in spring, just as the big ice barriers of winter had been swept away and the glorious waters of his loved river, rejoicing to be free, were once more rolling in their accustomed grandeur, Daniel Winthrop sat in the "best room" of his farm-house in council with his women folk.

In his hand he held a letter, which a boy had brought from a neighboring post-office. "Yes," he said, in reply to the appealing looks of the ladies, as he hastily skimmed its contents; "it is from Harry, sure enough. Don't take on about it, mother; but he's done just what a Winthrop should do when his country calls on him: he has enlisted!"

"Not enlisted!" Martha gasped, her face white as her snowy apron.

"That is just what the high-spirited lad has done. God bless him!" the farmer chuckled. "Fellow! Martha, I am astonished at you. What is there to whimper about? It won't take more than a month or two to bring these stubborn rebels to their knees, and then—"

He paused abruptly, for Kate Frohman was standing before him with flashing eyes and heaving bosom.

"Captain Winthrop," she said, speaking more calmly for her suppressed passion, "let me retire before you have said what would make me forget all your kindness. This night I leave your house to return to my own people; do not make my parting more bitter than is necessary."

"Why, God bless me!" Winthrop stammered, "you don't mean to say that you are at heart a rebel—yes, a gentle, lovable girl not six months out of school? The thing is preposterous!"

"I am a Southerner," Kate said, quietly, "and I never will be proud of the land of my birth as I am at this moment. The meanest trooper in my brother's regiment is, in my eyes, a hero."

"And Harry, my boy, Harry!" the father pleaded.

"Is no more to me, Captain Winthrop, than any other of the band of marauders whose ranks he has joined."

"Oh, Kate!" Nell sobbingly reproached, "and he loves you so!"

"And I loved him, Nell. Ah, God knows how I loved him," the girl acknowledged, with trembling lips.

"Then, surely you will—"

"Never of my own accord set eyes on him again. It is my one hope that I may be able to forget his cruelty and mourn for him as one who is dead."

"Hush, child, hush!" Martha Winthrop interposed; "you do not know what you are saying."

"Aye," added the Captain, soothingly, "Do not say in haste, lass, what you will regret at a later date. And, as for your going home, that is a matter which—"

"Is all provided for, sir."

"Eh, how so?"

"There was a flash of indignation surprise as he asked the question, for it was hard for him to believe that the girl he had thought worthy to be Harry's wife had deliberately laid her plans to return home without vouchsafing a word of explanation to his family."

"A friend leaves for Cincinnati to-night who will give me his protection thus far; Kate replied, with assumed indifference, 'at least at heart, the proud girl was ready to fling herself at the old man's feet and confess the anguish these words cost her.'"

"Who, in the name of goodness, is taking you to Cincinnati?" the old man thundered.

Ere Kate's lips framed the reply she cast a little apologetic look at Mrs. Winthrop and Nell, for the consciousness was strong within her that the revelation would cost her their sympathy.

"Mr. Leroux," she stammered, "has offered—that is I have asked him—in fact—Winthrop broke in on her confusion.

"Alphonse Leroux!" he exclaimed, while a start of pained surprise showed his wife's and daughter's dismay.

"And why not?" Kate asked, with well-feigned calmness. "Why not Mr. Leroux?" The question was too much for the old sailor, who rose abruptly and said, with as much of a sneer as he could assume, for the good-natured Captain was not strong in sarcasm:

"So be it, then. It is natural that birds of a feather should flock together; but I little thought, Miss Frohman, that I should ever be glad to—"

He colored crimson and paused, for after all the girl was his guest.

"To get rid of me," Kate suggested, with apparently untroubled composure. The Captain declined reply and left the room, almost rudely ignoring the hand she held out to him. Had he noticed the drooping eyelid and quivering lip which suddenly betrayed her deep emotion he might, by a kind word, have opened the flood-gates of her emotion, but he was blind to every thing, and burned with a mad rage at the wrong she had done his boy Harry.

The wrong done his boy Harry! Aye, there was the rub. It was but natural that she should leave to her own kin and be a part of the association of her childhood—friends and acquaintances, for this extraordinary man had already made himself famous as a quivering lance. Tales of his daring exploits were told round the camp-fires with many exaggerations by men who believed he bore a charmed life. It seemed impossible to lay hands on him. Hardly had the Federal troops recovered from the establishment of a rash attack of the bold skirmisher and prepared to chastise him, than they heard of another equally daring feat of his six miles away.

Lieutenant Harry to follow him on the foot of a cluster of trees from whose shelter they could command a view of the valley beneath them.

What a sight met their gaze. A score of Mosby's men were fastening long wires to the rails of the Manassas railroad, which they had detached from the sleepers. Their object was apparent at a glance, and the daring officers were bent on the lumbering sound of an approaching supply train, and even as Harry looked, the Confederates had hidden in the neighboring bushes, wires in hand, ready for the derauling of the train.

"Quick!" whispered the Lieutenant Barclay, "Send a trooper back to the command, for if our fellows charge up the valley, they will bar the toll of the bridge."

In a minute, at Harry's bidding, Gordon Grey was dashing at headlong speed over the broken path.

Meanwhile the heavy train crept nearer to the fatal ambush. No need for concealment now. Though the wires were not yet fastened, the rails of the railroad were full of holes, the pallid little band rode recklessly down into the valley, but ere they could reach the scene of the disaster the doomed engine was flung from the rails, and the engine and locomotive were broken cars, so intent on the work of plunder that they hardly noticed the charge of the little troop of heroes, foremost of whom was Harry Winthrop.

It was not till the train had been wrecked that the band of cavaliers came thundering to the rescue. Mosby's men, as usual, when outnumbered, fled to the woods with one object in view, to get away as fast as they could. One man, who had been a leading spirit at the train-wrecking, separated himself from the rest and boldly rode down the valley, and burying his spurs in his horse's side, he rode straight toward the band of cavaliers, and he charged with a shout, and nearly two miles were passed without any perceptible lessening or increasing difference of the hundred yards, until the cavaliers came to a halt. One man, who had been a leading spirit at the train-wrecking, separated himself from the rest and boldly rode down the valley, and burying his spurs in his horse's side, he rode straight toward the band of cavaliers, and he charged with a shout, and nearly two miles were passed without any perceptible lessening or increasing difference of the hundred yards, until the cavaliers came to a halt.

But his triumph was only momentary. How or whence the blow came which struck him to the earth he never knew, but he was there.

Therefore, when from his retreat in the pilot-house he saw the Frenchman drive to the door and hear away the young lady, he might be forgiven the storm of impressions which rose to his lips. One thing comforted him: neither his wife nor daughter appeared on the threshold to bid God-speed to the departing guest.

And Harry was coming home that night. How could he meet his boy with this tale of sorrow? He would rather face the worst storm that ever raged on Lake Michigan than tell the poor old man that the girl he loved had been false to him.

Nevertheless, in the gloom of the evening he went forth to meet his boy, intercepting him in the big meadow, where years ago he had taught him to fly his kite and shoot his bow. As the young man approached, he stopped the driver and said:

"Get down, Harry, and walk with me to the house. I have something to say to you."

Will might the father be proud of such a son—tall, erect, the picture of animal strength, with a frank expression in his handsome face which would be his passport wherever he went. Harry Winthrop was as fine a young fellow as you would meet with in a long day's march. But the old man only noticed the pallor in his boy's face and shrank from the blow he was about to inflict.

For a time they walked arm in arm in silence. The Captain looked so hard to speak.

"Harry, boy," at last he gasped, "I have had news from Kate Frohman—you'll bear it like a man—she has—"

"Yes, I know, dear old dad, she has gone home."

"But do you know with whom she has gone?" the Captain asked, in surprised anxiety.

"Yes, she wrote and told me she was going with Leroux. It seems as if she had given me up, doesn't it, dad?"

"Yes, you may say," the old man said, with lips tremulous with emotion, "have you the courage to show the girl that you—"

"Trust in her to the last. Why, of course I have. Do I not love her, dad?"

CHAPTER II. THE CLANG OF ARMS.

What fairer sight on earth is there than the rich fallows and blue mountains of New England, where the golden sun spreads his mantle of glory over them in the first blush of dawn, flashing scarlet streaks across the opal sky?

It is to such a scene that I must transport the haze of the departing mists of night yet lingers in the lowland, while a small troop of cavalry under charge of a Lieutenant creeps cautiously, Indian file, down the uncertain pathway formed by what in winter is a torrent and is now a rugged strip of sand and pebbles winding down the hillside.

It is not difficult to recognize Henry Winthrop as the leading figure in the line of horsemen.

He is at this moment turning in the saddle and in low tones addressing a youth who rides behind him—so young that he was more fit for a school-boy than a cavalry saddle.

"Grey," Harry is saying, anxiously, "what ails you this morning? Are you sick?"

"Yes," is the petulant reply; "nick to death of the life we are leading. I came to fight, not to sneak around the country all day long, feeling the way for men who will have all the glory of the battle, while we—"

bleased chance of being popped off by one of Mosby's men at any moment."

"You'll have fighting enough before you are through, you young idiot," Harry said, sternly, but there was a kindly gleam in his eyes, for Gordon Grey had been one of his pupils, and when the lad had run away and enlisted he had promised his heart-broken mother that he would look after her boy.

"We've been so long doing nothing," the boy complained.

"What! with Bull Run, and—"

Gordon Grey interrupted him with a bitter laugh.

"Aye, there was fun enough in running away. I wonder how your father swallowed that nauseous dose, Harry."

"Oh, Nell wrote me that he was pretty wild over it; volunteered to shoulder a musket, and drove mother into fits of despair by his martial ardor, but luckily for the peace of the family his age was against him, and he still has to stop at home and take care of the women."

"While we play hide and seek on these wild mountains with Mosby's fellows. This is no war; it is—"

"Silence in the ranks! Halt!" The command cut off the boy's complaint. In a moment each horse and man was as still as a statue.

The lad's querulousness was not altogether groundless; for, until Hooker's arrival, the cavalry had simply done nothing, but during the last few days there had been a tedious time of drill when camped on Meridian Hill, a weary march through Alexandria to Culpeper, monotonous winter quarters and a sharp engagement at Brandy Station. Their men duty had been diminishing and picketing, with occasional encounters with Mosby's irregulars, for this extraordinary man had already made himself famous as a quivering lance. Tales of his daring exploits were told round the camp-fires with many exaggerations by men who believed he bore a charmed life. It seemed impossible to lay hands on him. Hardly had the Federal troops recovered from the establishment of a rash attack of the bold skirmisher and prepared to chastise him, than they heard of another equally daring feat of his six miles away.

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# THE COMMONWEALTH.

LEAS POWELL, of Millersburg, while scuffling with one of his farm hands a few days ago, got his right leg pulled out of place at the hip joint. He is in a dangerous condition, as the leg may have to be amputated.

The President has pardoned W. T. Ellington, who was convicted, in the District of Kentucky, in October last, of violating internal revenue laws, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and to pay a fine of \$500. The pardon takes effect on the 15th instant.

T. L. Glover, an insurance agent of Louisville, attempted suicide with morphine the other afternoon. He had lost money on the election, and was behind with his books, and could not stand the exposure which resulted from a visit from the company's inspector, which occurred that day. He will recover.

VERNON LAMBERT, the ten-year-old boy who was accidentally shot at Lexington by his playmate, Tasker Polk, aged twelve, some time ago, died from the effects of the wound on the 5th.

They celebrated two-year-old Kentucky Volunteer, who was thought to be in a dying condition from the effects of spinal meningitis, is now recovering rapidly, and the veterinary attending on him pronounces him out of danger. Kentucky Volunteer has a two-year-old record of 2:38, and is valued at \$10,000.

JAMES W. H. McBRAYER, the distiller of Lawrenceburg, who was stricken with paralysis some days ago, is dead.

JOHN GARRITY fell from a moving freight train at Hopkinsville, and received internal injuries.

MRS. POLLY CUNNINGHAM, aged ninety-three, died near Clintonville, a few days since.

JOHN BELL, a negro, was arrested at Franklin, for assassination.

Wagon progress on the Ohio Valley railroad between Princeton and Hopkinsville regardless of the hostile action of the court of claims.

JOHN C. RUTTER has been appointed postmaster at Hampton, Livingston County, vice J. H. Rutter, resigned.

A POST-OFFICE has been established at Matthews, Breckinridge County, Joseph C. Matthews, postmaster.

S. K. MOORE has been appointed postmaster at Home, Pike County, vice Jas. H. Remmes, resigned.

JOHN R. MOORE succeeds Edward R. Moore as postmaster at Mooreville, Washington County.

The new postmaster at Mount Vernon, Monroe County, is Joseph W. Curtis, vice Jas. H. Gee.

ABIGAIL W. WILLIAMS, Esq., of Louisville, is slated for District Attorney of Kentucky under the Harrison Administration.

R. F. COCKRELL, of Montgomery County, has received the Democratic nomination for the State Senate in the Twenty-eighth District, comprising the counties of Bourbon, Clark and Montgomery. Mr. Cockrell will have time to meet all the voters in the district, as the election does not occur until August, 1899.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company has erected a handsome new depot at Peneville.

The last rail and tie has been laid on the Georgetown extension of the Versailles and Midway railroad.

At Lexington Ben White was given two years' penitentiary for killing a negro named Price.

The following Kentuckians were granted pensions on the 6th: Harry Drury, Antioch; Jas. W. Matlock, Bourbonville; Absolem R. Maino, Buck Creek; John C. Cogle, Maywood; Edmund Barton, Danville; Howard Warren, Nina; Charles Marshall, Greensburg; Thos. B. Dickerson, Albion; Newton S. Dickerson, Seventy Six; Wm. Smith, Albany; John M. Williams, Cralio; Bridget, widow of Edward O'Malley, Louisville; Catharine, widow of Jas. S. Holmes, Covington.

"OLD MAMMA" FULLER, formerly a servant of ex-Sheriff R. F. Pullen, died at Paris a few days ago, at the remarkable age of 113 years. She was born on the eastern shore of Maryland in 1775, and retained her mental faculties until the day of her death. She could read without glasses.

The jury in the case of Harper Jordan, on trial at Clarksville, for killing John Nolan, returned a verdict of murder in the first degree.

THREE children, who had been locked in the house while their mother went visiting, were turned to death near Lexington.

At Hopkinsville, Rev. Mr. Williams baptized, by immersion in a mill-pond, 122 persons in seventy minutes, thus breaking the record.

The body of George Crawford, a colored man, who died near Covington for several days, was found back of that city. It is thought he died from exposure.

At Fairview, Sam Finch was shot in the breast and arm and fatally wounded, but by whom is not known, as the difficulty occurred outdoors and a number of shots were fired.

THERE was a lively fight of a few moments' duration at the ground where the new shops for the Southern railroad are building in Ludlow the other morning. A number of white and colored laborers are employed in assisting the masons and carpenters, and as they work in somewhat separate gangs, the blacks by themselves, the color line soon became sharply drawn and created bad feelings, which resulted as above stated. Thos. Hawson, a white man, was cut in the wrist with a razor and bled freely. Henry Green, colored, was struck on the head with a pick, and received a serious wound. Several others on both sides were more or less hurt.

The first train over the Louisville, St. Louis and Texas railroad made the trip from Louisville to Owensboro and return on the 3d, leaving the chief officials of the road and a party of invited guests.

DAVEY CROCKETT, colored, was shot and killed at Middleton, Simpson County, a few evenings ago. Crockett and Mrs. Decie Bell, who left her husband some time ago, were enjoying a tete-a-tete in Dr. Naley's kitchen. Some unknown party fired through the window, with the above result.

Mr. Vernon, James Fraser met Lee Carter on the street, and drawing a pistol shot him dead. Fraser claims that Carter had been criminally intimate with his wife. Two years ago Carter had a fight with Tom and Jack Moore and killed both. He had been recently acquitted. A negro named Tom Brown was arrested at Lexington, for outraging a ten-year-old girl.

The following Kentucky pensions have been granted: Original invalid—Wm. H. King, South Carrollton; Nimrod Shirley, Clark; Frederick Heath, Tazewell; Restoration and pension—Emanuel A. Richards, Louisville; Increase—Patrick Ponder, Falmouth; Samuel Cook, Marrow. Reissue—John Gentry, Cromwell; Winfield S. Johnson, Greenville; Reuben Frazier, Tompkinsville; Eli Marlow, Williamsburg.

Mrs. MARGARET WYATT attempted to commit suicide near Fredonia, by swallowing a large dose of morphine.

JESSE ATCHISON was sentenced at Lexington to fourteen years' imprisonment in the penitentiary for murder.

ABOUT 5,000,000 pine-apples are imported yearly.

# THE DAIRY.

—A safe rule in feeding calves is to give just what they will lick up clean—and no more. It is also a good rule to apply to horses, cows, pigs, sheep and chickens.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Do not stint the calf, if you expect to make a good cow out of it. You can get a calf into the habit of eating or not eating as you like, or more properly speaking you can impair the digestive apparatus or strengthen it according as you choose to feed.—*Western Rural.*

—In the process of keeping or maturing the cream, the flavor of the butter is developed. The process of ripening should stop short of souring; before souring the cream should be churned, for if actually allowed to sour it is impossible to make from it the highest quality butter.—*American Dairyman.*

It has been shown in public address, in printed matter, in various forms, all freely pressed upon the public, that it has been and is not more than half the labor to make good, high priced butter, that it has been or is to make this bad, low priced compound called butter.—*Western Rural.*

THE WINTER DAIRY. A Correct Estimate of Its Advantages and Requirements.

Any enterprise out of the common, but well managed, and having for its object some product in staple demand, is certain to be profitable. Rearing early lambs for spring sales is such an enterprise; forcing strawberries, the cutting of water-cress, and many other satisfactory profits. But the winter dairy is an industry in which a staple product is produced at a season when it is scarce and rarely of good quality, and when every part of the necessary farm work can be done more easily and cheaply than at any other time. Cows have to be fed in winter, anyhow; the dairy calls for much in-door work; it is easier to keep the milk warm in this season than to cool it in summer; there is leisure from field work, which presses in the summer; good butter brings a double price in winter; and the cows that are yielding butter at this season are at their vacation in the summer, when they can be turned to pasture and require no care that will interfere with the cultivation of the crops. A winter dairy and the culture of valuable market crops go nicely together, and furnish regular and easy employment through the whole year.

The patient housewife gives undivided attention to her house and garden, and her pet poultry worries over no sour milk, nor frets in the stifling heat over the churn, with all its summer difficulties; but enjoys the genial season and prepares with comfort for the much easier management of the dairy, when no other employments interfere with it. The convenient modern improvements of the dairy are well adapted for winter use, and the cheap and simple ordinary milkpans are all that can be desired at the season when the cheaper fuel can be used for warmth easier than the dearer ice for the purpose of cooling. For feeding cows in a winter dairy there is no better food than clover hay, well cured corn fodder, and even meal and bran.

There is too much risk in feeding salad of sacrificing the quality of the butter. The stable must be warm, light, airy, and arranged so as to secure perfect cleanliness. Pure water from a well and never to be given cooler than fifty degrees, is indispensable. Some succulent food is desirable. Pumpkins are especially useful in a winter dairy, and mangels are the best roots. Turnips are not admissible. To warm the water is waste of labor when a good deep well is available; good feeding and robust health will keep the cows warm enough, and the stable should never be so cold that the manure will freeze in it. Carding the cattle keeps the skin in good condition, and helps to maintain the vital warmth.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WINTER FEEDING. How to Secure Large Quantities of Good Milk in Cold Weather.

Milk cows require extra feeding in winter time to keep up a generous flow of milk